

IT WILL BE A TERROR TO COUNTRY "SPELLIN' MATCHES."



Rocky Mountain News.

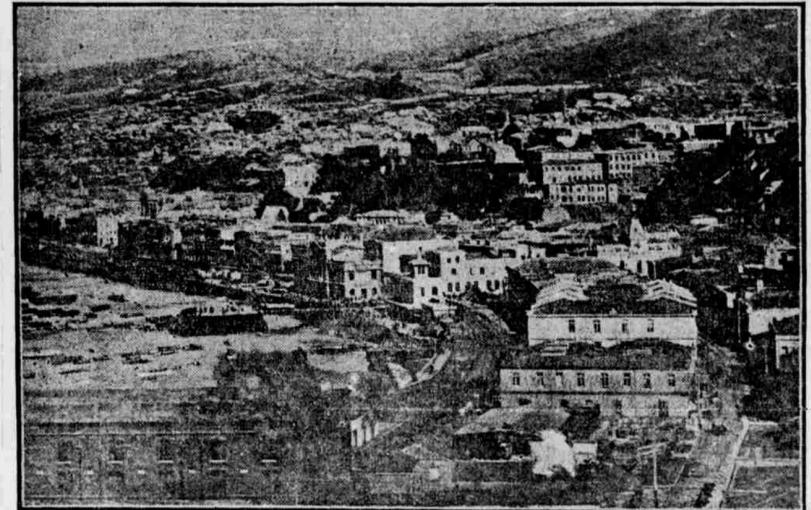
A SECOND SAN FRANCISCO.

Stricken Valparaiso and the Earthquake Which Devastated It. Valparaiso, the South American city that has suffered a fate similar to that of San Francisco, is built upon 19 hills or mountains belonging to the coast range and varying from 300 to 1,100 feet in height. These hills are sometimes separated by deep ravines through which flow small streams of water. The level ground along the bay covers only a narrow strip, in some places wide enough for four parallel streets, in others barely wide enough for two. It is nowhere more than one-half mile in width. Much of this narrow strip was made by filling up the low ground along the bay and protecting it from the sea by stone walls and iron rails. Streets in the level part of the city are generally straight, but the hills are reached by winding roads, stairways and steam lifts. Belgian blocks form the principal material for street paving.

had been immune and had been growing in prosperity, its imposing buildings, tram cars, and electric light suggesting a busy European city. It has received, however, what will probably prove to be a disastrous setback. The extent of the shock is reported to have covered an area of 2 degrees, or about 140 miles in length. The city is backed by the enormous range of the Andes which is famous for its terrible gorges and towering peaks, recently successfully surmounted by the Transandean railway, which connects the west coast with Buenos Ayres on the east. Railways, telegraphs, water and electric mains were all broken down as in San Francisco, but in many cases the solidity of the houses preserved them from ruin. The tremors caused by the earthquake spread over the world and were recorded on numerous seismographs. The earthquake at Valparaiso occurred on the slopes of the great chain of the Andes, a district which has been

average country home. City people have infinitely greater variety of life. They enjoy themselves a great deal more than country people. They work hard when at work, but when they are through, they drop everything and have a good time. There is no doubt that the theater, in spite of its many evils, has done a great deal toward erasing the marks of age. People who laugh much retain their youth longer. —O. S. Marden in "Success Magazine."

**Who Would Be Our King?**  
If Washington had accepted the American crown when it was offered to him during the revolution who would have been king to-day? If that dynasty had continued according to lineal descent the reigning monarch would be one of Louisville respected and honored citizens—Mr. George Washington Lewis. Only two reigns would have intervened between that of George I. and the present day. Mr. Lewis is now 87 years old, and divides



A GENERAL VIEW OF VALPARAISO BEFORE THE DISASTER.

while sidewalks are flagged. Calle Victoria, the principal street, is a wide thoroughfare, stretching along the bay from one end of the city to the other; it is lined with handsome government buildings, hotels, banks, stores and offices. The majority of these edifices are built of brick, three or four stories in height; arched facades are a prominent feature; stores are large and have plate glass windows. The city is divided for



WHERE THE QUAKE OCCURRED.

administrative purposes into four sections, which in a general way coincide with the physical divisions. The city is the chief port of the republic of Chile. It is situated on the edge of a beautiful surging bay, the houses climbing up the hillside which form the background of the city. Its population was estimated at over 150,000. It had already suffered severely on three former occasions—in 1822, 1820 and 1851. During recent years it

shaken by such movements ever since the country has been known to history. The strata of the continent has been pushed up to heights of nearly 20,000 feet, all along the western side of South America. A large number of volcanoes exist in the chain of the Andes, but they are not continuously distributed. There is one numerous group in Colombia and Ecuador, and then a gap occurs, Peru being almost free from volcanoes, the second group occurring near the southern boundary of the country in the Lake Titicaca district. Then another break occurs, and the third series of volcanoes begins just south of Santiago.

The sectional view shows how the great range of the Andes rises on the western edge of the continent and slopes away to a wide plain towards the east. The ocean depths of Valparaiso are also severe, the 6,000-foot line coming close in shore as indicated in the one-column map. The strata adjacent to these great inequalities of height and depth are in a state of great strain.

**To Keep Young.**  
Never retire from active life if you can possibly avoid it; keep "in the swim"; keep the mind active; never refer to your advancing years or say "at my age."

To preserve youth, you must have a variety of experience. The country woman at forty, although breathing purer air and living on a more healthful diet than the city woman, often looks fifty, while the latter at the same age does not look more than thirty. But her mind is more active than that of her country sister; that is the secret of her more youthful appearance.

Nothing else ages one more rapidly than monotony—a dead level existence without change of scene or experience. The mind must be kept fresh or it will age, and the body cannot be younger than the mind.

Few minds are strong enough to overcome the aging influence of the monotonous life which rules in the

the evening of life between here and California, says the New York Examiner.

The heir-apparent to this great throne would have been Mr. John C. Lewis, who is one of Louisville's leading merchants. Instead of being known throughout the South as a great merchant prince, presiding over a great department store, he would be living leisurely in the royal palace, looking forward to his coming reign.

**FIRST M. E. CONFERENCE.**  
Held Its First Meeting After Organization in This House. In this building the Methodist Episcopal conference held its first meeting, which is claimed to be the first of its kind in America, after its organization in 1784. This house is one mile from



HISTORIC HOUSE IN LOUISBURG, N. C.

Louisburg, N. C., and is still in an excellent condition: It is built in the old style, of massive timbers, and has five rooms in the basement, four on the second floor, and two in the attic. The upper room of this house, in which Bishop Coke says the first conference was held, is about 20 feet square, and quite large enough to seat comfortably the 23 that were present. Just 110 years later—1895—Bishop Wilson, while presiding over conference in Louisburg, by invitation, went out to visit this house and held services, and by a singular coincidence, the number present was 23.

There is one thing the majority of fathers can be thankful for: There is no possibility of their daughters falling in love with the chauffeur.

If you hope to succeed, you can't give credit to every man who asks it; you must occasionally speak up, and plainly say no.

LASHES OF FUN

A safe bet is the one you were going to make and didn't.—Philadelphia Record.

Another motto for the packer: Omnia possimus omnes (We all can everything).—Punch.

A Dry Dock.—"What is a drydock?" a lady asked of Mark Twain. "A thirsty physician," replied the humorist.

A Hypocrite.—Teacher—Johnny, what is a hypocrite? Johnny—A boy who comes to school with a smile on his face.

"Did you run across anybody in that automobile tour?" "We ran 'em down first and then ran across 'em."—Baltimore American.

Senator, a political job is pretty hard to work, isn't it? "Not very," replied Senator Badger, "but getting it is."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Relative Necessities.—"Is it necessary to enclose stamps?" asked the poet. "More necessary, even, than to enclose poetry," responded the editor.

The Happy Man.—Pessimist—You haven't had all that you wanted in life, have you? Optimist—No; but I haven't had all that I didn't want, either.

General Uncle—I will make you a monthly allowance, but, understand me, I will pay no debts! Nephew—All right, uncle. Neither will I.—Tales.

Tommy—Pa, what is the Isthmus of Panama? Pa—The Isthmus of Panama, Tommy, is a narrow strip of land connecting Central America with the United States Treasury.—Life.

Where It Would Do Most Good.—Tailor—Well, my little man, will you have the shoulders padded? Bertie—Naw. If you're going to put any padding in the suit put it in the pants.

What, Indeed!—Sarah Gamp (addressing the happy event)—Please, a; it's a little girl. Absent-minded Father (looking up from his writing)—Eh? Oh—ah—ask her what she wants, will you?

"But," protested Mrs. Newlred, "I don't see why you ask 25 cents a hat's peck for your beans. The other man only wanted 15 cents." "Yes'm," replied the huckster; "but these here beans of mine is all hand-picked."—The Grocer.

"Here! you, sir," cried the irate old gentleman, "didn't I tell you never to enter this house again?" "No, sir," replied his daughter's persistent suitor. "You said not to 'cross your threshold,' so I climbed in the window."—Philadelphia Press.

"Young Jollien always says the right thing, doesn't he? He never seems at a loss for the proper reply." "Well, I saw him nonplussed once." "How was that?" "Miss Keene asked him if he thought she looked as old as she was."—Cleveland Leader.

Definition.—May—Girls, what do the papers mean when they talk of the seat of war? Ella—I don't know any more than I do what a standing army is for! Belle—Why, how ignorant you are, dears. The seat of war is for the standing army to sit down on when it gets tired.

Her Father—But, sir, you are not the sort of man I should like for a son-in-law. Young Man—Oh, that's all right. You are not the sort of man I should like for a father-in-law, but I'm not going to make your daughter miserable for life by refusing to marry her on that account.—Chicago Daily News.

"I suppose," said the old-time friend, "that your folks no longer feel that anxiety about social matters that they once experienced." "Yes, they do," answered Mr. Curox; "mother an' the girls are now as busy keepin' other women out of society as they once were gettin' in themselves."—Washington Star.

**Old But Persistent Errors.**  
Everywhere one hears, "I seen Jim yesterday and he told me he done well at that job." The people who may be broadly characterized as the "I seen I done" tribe pervade everything and seem to include nearly everything and seem to include nearly everything and seem to include nearly everything.

Boys Desert the Farm.  
How to secure farm help is one of the most vital questions before the farmers of this country to-day, says Farming. Wherever one goes, he finds that every farmer is deficient in the proper kind of help on the farm, and that many farmers are hampered and prevented from doing the best work possible for lack of efficient help.

Twenty-five years ago this difficulty did not confront the farmers to anything like the extent existing to-day. Then, the boys of the families remained on the farm and were not above aiding their fathers in their farm work. The daughters were satisfied to help their mothers in the dairy and kitchen and to join with the men and boys on the farm in milking the cows and doing the chores.

Fireworks.  
Fireworks originated in the thirteenth century, along with the evolution of powder and cannon. They were first employed by the Florentines, and later the use of fireworks became popular in Rome at the creation of the Popes.

The first fireworks which resemble those which we see nowadays were manufactured by Torre, an Italian artist, and displayed in Paris in 1704.

If all the people were candidates we could get along easier with them.

Are you so convinced that you believe people never talk behind your back?

PAPERS BY THE PAPER

LIFE STRENGTH MOVES THE WORLD.

By F. Cater, M. D.

The strength of life is derivable from several sources. Some men live by mind-force, some by nerve-force, others by muscular energy, and not a few exclusively by the gratification of their animal appetites. Life is capable of being expressed in forms or trains of actions apparently widely differing in character. Hence we speak of the forms and orders of life as composing a successive series of grades, rising from the lowest conceivable spark of vitality to the full blaze of intellectual genius. Life in man energizes the whole of his compound being. The problem of individual life when the task of living becomes difficult is to discover in what particular direction lies the source of vital power most readily accessible and productive, and so to live that the supply of life-strength through that channel is adequate to the needs of the whole body.

Nerve-force is quite different from mind-force, for obviously a man may be nervous without in the least degree being intellectual. A man of nerves lives by the energy of his favorite pursuits. Cut him off from these, and he will soon languish. The acts he performs are not life-giving or health-preserving in themselves, but they have become his sources of happiness. Fashion praises field sports and the chase as healthful, but they can be so only to the extent to which they are sources of life-strength to their devotees. There is no better form of life insurance than that represented by the policy of accumulative life-strength issued by the benevolent corporation of Mind, Muscle and Nerve.

When Poor People Wed.  
Marriage is a partnership, and as such every matter pertaining to the married state should be frankly treated; there should be no subterfuges. Really, when I think of poor folks getting married and starting out on the voyage of life my heart faints a little. It is so dreadful to realize that they quarrel over 50 cents' worth of sugar or twenty-five pounds of flour.

The bare details of daily living bring us down so closely to the level of savages—we see ourselves so bereft of the Godlike qualities that love temporarily invests us with—it really looks scary to us old folks who see things as they are. I often marvel at the courage which we bring to bear upon our daily living. Where do we get the heart and hope that carries us through long years of self-denial and sacrifice?

So much the greater part of the success of married life depends upon the wife that it is to her especially that one feels like addressing remarks upon the subject. This is particularly true of poor folks. When a couple starts with little in life almost the entire responsibility

smooth her down. I'm sorry if the statement of our able correspondent has given offense. If you desire to make any correction for publication, says he, take up his pencil.

"No, no, no!" says she, beginning to be frightened. "Don't put our names together again. It's false—that item of yours. I haven't spoken to Ebenezer Harder for six months, and unless he explains—I shall never speak to him again. But how did you—what will he think? And with that she burst right out cryin'."

"Ridley started to apologize, but she rushes out the door and slams it after her. Then she comes back in an instant, scared to death, an' she sort o' stage-whispers to him, 'He's comin' up here. Put me somewhere, quick.'"

"Ridley pointed to a closet an' she jumps in an' pulls the door to."

"In walks a young man and says: 'Is this Mr. Ridley?'"

"The same," says Ridley. "Have a chair."

"Mr. Ridley," says he, sittin' down opposite an' assumin' a confidential tone, "my name's Harder, and I live at Glover's Flats. I ain't been but two years out o' Harvard, an' it may be I've got more money than brains, for my gu'nner left me enough to live on if I don't do a stroke o' work the rest

"Ridley had his eye on the closet door."

"Six months without a word's rather rubbin' it in, don't you think?" says he. "It is," says Harder. "But on the strength of our prospects, by George! I can break the ice when I get home to-day. Eh? Why not?"

"Ridley points to a printed card over his desk which read, 'Do It Now.'"

"Eh? says Harder, lookin' puzzled. But her arnis was about his neck."

"By the way," says Harder, with a mischievous smile, as five minutes later the two rose to go, "I've been kind o' leadin' up to this, as you may have noticed in last week's Clarion."

"How's that?" asks Ridley.

"Why, you ought to know," says Harder, "that for three months I've been your correspondent from Glover's Flats."—Chicago News.

**Discriminating Patriotism.**  
When Charles Dudley Warner was a newspaper editor in the earlier sixties he was accustomed to write his editorials upon the war with fervid haste, regardless of all consideration of handwriting.

One day a typesetter left the composing room and appeared at the editor's desk.

"Mr. Warner," he said, "I've decided to enlist in the army."

With angled emotions of pride and responsibility Mr. Warner replied that it pleased him that the man felt the call to duty.

"Oh, it isn't that," said the truthful compositor, "but I'd rather be shot than set your copy."—Pittsburgh Press.

**A "Private" Allen Lorn.**  
"Private" Allen, of Mississippi, while in Congress was fond of telling about a fine old gentleman down in Tupele whose habit was to sit on a dry goods box and talk politics. His hobby was that the office should seek the man and not the man the office, and he waxed eloquent in the discussion of his chosen theme. Finally he determined to become a candidate himself and went out upon an electioneering tour. When his friends twitted him about his change of front he replied: "Oh, yes, the office should seek the man, but the man should be around so that the office may find him."

**A Geographical Freak.**

OLD MRS. EUROPE MENDING A BOOT MAY READILY BE SEEN BY STANDING A MAP OF EUROPE ON END.

Occasionally the wires get crossed and a minister answers the call of somebody else to preach.

A poor excuse is worse than no excuse.

PAPERS BY THE PAPER

For the success of the venture rests with the wife. To be sure, there are certain things demanded of the husband. He must be built on reasonably strong lines—a short, he must be a fairly decent fellow, and not actually lazy.

But the wife must be more. She must add to every quality required of the man a thousand and one little accomplishments and bits of cleverness and tact. Only a woman can successfully cope with poverty. Any man will become squalid, unkept, pitiful, when the wolf begins prowling. But a woman knows a thousand ways to baffle him. She knows how to lay a white cloth on the table and make a flower bloom in the window. She knows how to convert plain fare into dainties, and serve it in attractive style; she knows how to be fine and dainty in cheap attire and to give the look of home to plain rooms utterly lacking in luxury.

It is hard to bring a woman to the point of unloveliness in daily life—have you noticed how seldom it happens? When it does, it is a dreadful thing, a thing to be spoken of with bated breath, and yet we know not what supreme genius we demand of a woman when we take it as a matter of course that she shall be good and clean and cheerful and sweet under the terrible burden of life-long poverty.

**OUR PAST IS THE IMAGE OF OUR BEING.**  
By Maurice Maeterlinck.

Above all, do not envy the past of any man. Our past was created by ourselves for ourselves alone. Good or evil, sparkling or gray, it is like a museum which holds the unique masterpieces which speak only to us; because no stranger masterpiece would know how to equal a deed which we have accomplished, a kiss which we have received, a beauty which we have felt, a suffering which we have endured, an anguish which we have experienced, a love which has covered us with smiles and tears.

Our past, it is ourselves, that which we are and that which we shall become; our past, it is our secret promulgated by the month of the years, it is the most mysterious image of our being, overtaken and guided by Time.

To him who would see paraded before him the divers pasts of a human assembly, it would be most difficult to designate which of those pasts he would wish to live. Perhaps he would deceive himself mortally in choosing an existence which overflows, as with enormous joys, while his glance would light with indifference upon another apparently deserted but peopled with serene emotions and with redeeming, lofty thoughts. Because we know well that a thought suffices to overturn, as profoundly as would a grand victory or a grand defeat, that which destiny has given to us and that which it has reserved for us. It makes no noise, it dashes no pebbles on the illusory route which we see; but tranquilly it raises an indestructible pyramid at the turning of the road more real because it is secret; and suddenly all that has happened to us, even to the phenomena of the earth and of the heavens, takes a new direction.

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